

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1880.

WHOLE NUMBER 420.

Year	1879	1880	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900
Jan	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Feb	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Mar	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Apr	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
May	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Jun	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Jul	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Aug	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Sep	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Oct	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Nov	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Dec	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
I let my future life
Color and form in thine
I put all for thee,
Question thy soul tonight for me
I look all slighter bonds, not feel
A shadow of regret
There are no links within the soul
That binds the spirit yet
Or is thy faith so clear and true
As that which I can pledge to thee
Does there, within thy dimpled cheek,
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could have birth lent
I touched, unshaken by mine
If, at any point or cost,
Oh, tell me before all is lost

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within the faintest gleam
That thou hast kept a portion true
While I have staked the whole
Let me see pity upon the brow
In thine eyes, tell me so

There, within thy least a gleam
That thou hast kept a portion true
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Prestidigitation.

An old-time Baptist preacher of this city, who has retired from Gospel dealing, but who still keeps a firm eye on the faith, has just had a little experience with a colored man that caused him to think very seriously. Meeting the colored man the preacher said: "Dave, if you don't bring that saddle home I'll have you put in jail."

"What saddle is yer 'arren ter?"

"The one you stole from me."

"Parson, 'fore de Lord, I nelder stole yer saddle."

"Yes, you did. I saw you when you took it off de yard fence. I believe I'll have you arrested anyway."

"Look heah, parson, you're a Ole Baptist, isn't yer?"

"Yes, and I'll have you sent to the penitentiary."

"Well, so is I, now ketch de pints ef I giv' em to yer. Dar is jes so, man, saddles in dis wor' what is ter stole, an' dar's jes so many men what is to steal dese saddles. Dis is prestidigitation. Now if yer saddle happens ter be one of de prestidigitated saddles, an' I happens ter be one of de prestidigitated men, kin I heh' it? Dar was Judas, for instance. He couldn't heh' 'trayin' de Savior, case de Savior said, 'Judas, sop in dis dish an' tray me.' Hilt wop in Judas dish, case he was one of de prestidigitated, so 'tended from de foundation of de worl'."

"I don't want a religious discussion, Dave. It isn't the saddle now that I care so much about. It is that you told me a lie in saying that you didn't steal it."

"Well, den, parson, 'pose I takes back de lie an' 'pos de saddle?"

"A lie once told always stands. You have lied to me, you sounidrel, and I believe it is my duty to have you arrested."

"I'll do de best I kin, parson, but dar's jes a certain amount of stole saddles ter be returned in dis worl'." If I be one of de prestidigitated men, an' I believe I is, you'll fine yer saddle hangin' on de yard fence 'bout an' down dis evenin'."—[Little Book (Ark.) Gazette.]

A SINGULAR CASE.—A woman in Scotland lived thirty years after she was hanged for the murder of her child, born while her husband was serving a term in prison. The *British Medical Journal* tells about it. After she became unconscious, the sheriff thinking she was dead, gave the body to her friends, who took it home in a wagon. They stopped at a wayside tavern to drink, and suddenly the lid of the coffin moved. They took it off and she sat up. Everybody ran away, thinking it a ghost, but one man, who insisted on bleeding her. The next day she was well enough to walk. The Scotch law exculpates the convict after the judgment of the court is executed, and they couldn't legally hang her again. It also absolved her from marriage, and her husband had to marry her again when he got out of prison.

VAHET OF FOOD.—A single kind of food is not enough for the best growth, health and comfort of animals. Like ourselves, the stock which we keep, like a change of diet—three better with a change of pasture, so to speak—and give fuller returns for the trouble of providing a variety of foods. Coarse fodder should be mixed with that which is of a finer nature; and the highly nitrogenous feed with substances weak in nitrogen. Some farmers will feed their sheep with corn one morning and barley or oats the next, and thus keep up a continual surprise, heightened by a lick of salt now and then. It is the same love of change which makes the colt, cow and even the oldest horse glad when they are turned into a new field.

Benjamin Fish, of Trenton, N. J., has rounded up 94 years of a remarkable existence. He lent Commodore Vanderbilt \$1,000, when that gentleman first started out in his career; brought down the first anthracite coal that descended the Delaware in 1823; managed the old stage line and steam boat company between New York and Philadelphia, fifty-five years ago; was one of the first directors of the Camden and Amboy railroad, in 1830, and has been elected every year since. In 1833 he drove the first freight car that moved over the road between South Amboy and Bordentown. Horses were used that year. The first locomotive was imported from England; it is now standing in the shops at Bordentown, and is known as "Johnny Bull" and "Number One."—[Railway World.]

Tel There be a Tale of the Demagogue.

If the antagonists which now unfortunately divide the Democratic party in New York are to be appeased, or suppressed, the delegates who will soon assemble in the State Convention must ascertain how to do this. The Democratic voters in the several cities and towns of the State are bound to send to the State Convention delegates who will have sense enough and patience enough to bring about Democratic harmony. If the delegates cannot accomplish a re-establishment of Democratic unity in New York, they will show themselves unfit to be delegates, and show that the Democratic party is unfit to control the political affairs of the State of New York. Mr. Tilden assumes to be the leader of the regular New York Democracy. Very well. If he is the leader that he assumes to be, let him straightway bring harmony out of the existing discord. If he cannot do this, if he cannot give peace to the New York Democracy, then let him at once retire from his assumed leadership, and make room for somebody who can do it. It is not necessary for the Democracy of New York to make converts from the Republican ranks in order to carry the State in November. All that is requisite is that the Democratic voters of New York shall unite and pull together.—[World.]

What is Manna.

The planting of fraxinus trees in Italy yields a good return without any great trouble or cost incurred. At the age of eight years these trees are used to produce manna, for which purpose a horizontal incision is made in the bark about one-fifth of the entire breadth. The manna is collected for nine years, when the trees become exhausted, and are cut down, leaving only a single shoot, which in five years also produces. The juice which flows from the incisions is at first brownish, and has a bitterish taste, but after some hours in contact with air it becomes solid, whitish and sweet, forming long pipes or small stalactites. Sometimes the juice is very fluid, when it runs down, forming a plaster that adheres to the bark while some portions drop to the ground, and is collected on leaves. Manna is gathered once a week, and only in fine weather. A man provided with two vessels goes round to the trees, smooths the pipes and scrapes the smooth mass from the surface. The first is "manna cancellata," the second "manna in sortis." After the collection both sorts are spread out in the sun to dry, and then sold.

Col. Frank Wolford, of this place, has in his possession two handsome swords, relics of his distinguished services during the late war. One was presented to him by the citizens of Lexington, the blade of which is of the finest steel richly figured, while the hilt is of gold set with garnets, and the scabbard is of coin silver, gold mounted and set with garnets. This beautiful instrument cost \$1,200. The other sword was presented to Col. Wolford by the citizens of Garrard county. It has a richly-figured steel blade, gold hilt and silver scabbard, mounted with gold, and cost \$600. Col. Wolford justly feels proud of these beautiful weapons.—[Columbia Spectator.]

The unreasonableness of mankind in general is pretty truthfully illustrated in the following item: *The Builder and Woodworker*: "When a man's house is building, he never thinks the carpenter puts in one-third enough nails, and frequently, and with biting sarcasm, asks if he doesn't think the wood would stand if he just simply leaved it up against itself and saved all his nails? Then, a few years after, when he tears down his summer kitchen to build a new one, he grows and scolds, and sarcastically wonders why that fellow didn't make the house entirely of nails, and just put in enough lumber to hold the nails together."

"Here, my son," said a father to his son, when he had reached his majority, "is the boat to sail upon the stormy ocean of life. I have painted it with the bright colors of Truth; made it out of the timber of Good Principles; caulked it with Virtue; stored it with Integrity; and had you the car of Self-Reliance. Strike for the Port of Honor and a life of usefulness. Should the storm of adversity threaten to wreck you, sink with your boat rather than take passage upon the craft of dishonor, for an honorable grave is more to be desired than a successful life of dishonor."

The clip of wool in the United States for 1879 amounted to 233,500,000 pounds, being the largest ever obtained. The whole clip will be absorbed by manufacturers, leaving a large deficiency to be supplied by importations of foreign wools.

"Because Mother Told Me So."

In one of our school rooms, the other day, a class was called up to recite in arithmetic. The teacher asked the children, "How many nickles in a dollar?" The class hesitated a moment, when a little boy of six snuggled up from his desk at the other end of the room and said, "Why, there are twenty nickles in a dollar." The class turned around and looked amazed and indignant at the little boy who had answered so readily, but the teacher called him up and said, "Now, Jimmie, tell the class why there are twenty nickles in a dollar." Standing in front of the children, with his face all glowing with pride he answered, "There are twenty nickles in a dollar because mother told me so." The children laughed, but the teacher kissed the dear little mouth, and thought no analysis could be sweeter or more satisfactory.

How beautiful is the faith of childhood! They accept without questioning, they live in their own sweet world, see the best of it—cover it all over with their tender hopefulness. For this, because father or mother says so, is sufficient. What a lesson to us who are so faithless, as full of murmuring, and dare to doubt a Father so infinite in wisdom, so tender in pardon! Verily unless we have the faith of a little child, we cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.—[S. S. Visitor.]

PREPARING MANURE FOR HOT-BEDS.—Fresh stable manure, in which there is plenty of litter, is most suited for this purpose. There should be at least one-third litter in the heap. If this is not in the mass in sufficient quantity add leaves or tan-bark; shake it up and mix it well together, adding water if at all dry and musty, throw it into a compact heap to ferment. Let it remain a week, and then work it over thoroughly, as before, and add water if necessary. Where the ground is quite dry, a very good method is to dig a space about eighteen inches deep, and put in the manure, tramping it firmly and evenly, place there on the frame or ash, and put in the rich earth, and in about four days, the seed, having previously stirred the earth freely, to destroy the seeds of weeds therein.—[Ferry's Catalogue.]

A dead beat out West wanted to go from Omaha to Kansas City. So he went into the hotel, took the conductor's cap and lantern from a peg, got on board the night train and found an old preacher who unfortunately was also going to Kansas City. The supposed conductor and "ticket." The reverend brother quietly surrendered it. The d. h. then put the cap and lantern where he found them, seated himself in another car, and the preacher had to pay again.

An Illinois schoolmistress was unable to chastise the biggest girl pupil, and called in a young school trustee to assist her. The trustee found that the offender was his own sweetheart, but his sense of duty triumphed over his love, and he whipped the girl. Not only did this result in losing him a sweetheart, but her father sued him for damages and got a verdict for \$50.

A boy took it into his head that he would exercise his sled; he took the sled into the road, and Lord a mass! how he slogged; and as he slid, he laughing cried, "What fun upon my slide to-day!" and as he laughed, before he knewed, he found that sliding sled was slide. Upon the sled where he was laid they carved this line: "This boy was slide."—[Kansas City Times.]

The following dialogue actually occurred about the recent open winter: "Pat—'Moike, did I ever see a winter like this wint'?"

"Mike—'Indee I did.'"

"Pat—'Whin'?"

"Mike—'Lasht summer, shure, and begone to ye!'"

The patriotic owner of Gettysburg battlefield is determined that he shall not be ignored. He has a claim before the Congressional Committee for the rent of the ground while the battle was being fought.—[New Orleans Democrat.]

A RED-Y ASSESSOR.—Very red haired passenger: "I say, Guard, why on earth don't the train go on?" Guard: "Good gracious, sir! put your head in; how can you expect it to go on while that danger signal is out."—[Fun.]

Young ladies who wish to have small mouths are kindly advised to repeat this at frequent intervals during the day: "Fanny Finch fried five flaming frogs for Francis Fowler's father."

Eternal Tilden is the *Quiver Journal's* price of liberty, and you can't Jewett down to even the first heap on the bar!—[Bowling Green Intelligencer.]

Latest Telephone Stories.

The marvels of the telephone are innumerable. At an experiment made the other day between this city and Harrisville, near Phoenix, a distance of sixteen miles, the ticking of a watch could be heard distinctly. A sentence uttered in a whisper three feet from a Blake transmitter was heard at the other end of the line. Music played upon a piano standing forty feet from the telephone was heard distinctly. It is not uncommon for a man to ask a question of a friend several miles away and hear, in the friend's house or office, the conversation which precedes the answering of the question. A very striking instance of this occurred the other day. Mr. J. G. Harrison "called" one of the hotels and asked the clerk if an acquaintance was in his room and could be seen half an hour. Keeping the telephone at his ear Mr. Harrison heard the hotel clerk call a waiter and give the message. He heard the steps of the waiter as he went up stairs; heard him knock at the gentleman's door; heard the door open, the message delivered; the gentleman's reply; the returning steps of the waiter; his conversation with the clerk, and was in possession of all the facts before the clerk reached the telephone to reply to the question asked.

Bennett is rich enough to give \$100,000 without ever knowing it, as the saying is. His income is now more than \$800,000 a year, the *Herald* alone paying more than half a million. There is probably no such newspaper property in the world, except the *London Times*. The *Herald* employs no advertising agents, pays no commissions on advertising, has no bills to collect, and never puts a line of advertising in its sheets which has not been paid in advance, at the rate of five cents a word, or in the case of long advertisements of \$100 a column. Whether you buy a column of space in the *Herald* for one day or for a year, it is at \$100 a day.—[New York Letter.]

GREAT DETERMINATION.—At Battle Hill, Kansas, a drunkard resolved to reform or die. Putting some deadly poison into a glass with whisky, he locked himself in a room with the mixture. His plan was to conquer his craving for alcohol if possible, and if his appetite overpowered him, kill himself with the drink that satisfied it. He was alone with the poison six hours, and then he drank it. His life was saved, however, by the timely effort of a physician, and he was sent to an infirmary asylum.

Ohio wants a law passed providing that when a Judge sentences an offender to the penitentiary it shall be ascertained if he has a family depending upon him for support. The fact shall be certified to the warden, who shall keep a record of the convict's earnings, and after deducting twenty-five cents a day for his food and clothing, shall pay the balance to his credit, and apply it to the support of his legal dependents.

A very beautiful lady who was hurrying through the streets of Baltimore turned and in pathetic accents asked a gentleman walking beside her to knock a pickpocket down who was following her. The gentleman obligingly complied. As soon as she saw the fight fairly begun she chuckled gaily and skipped away. The man knocked down was her husband.

In the sweet, balmy, delicious happiness of love's first young dream a youth will not only insist on cracking walnuts for his girl, but in picking out the goodies as well. Two years after marriage he will not even let her have the nut-cracker until he is through. Girls, get married.

"And how is your neighbor, Mrs. Brown?" inquired one nicely dressed lady of another. "She's well enough, I suppose. I haven't seen her for six weeks." "Why, I thought you two were on the most friendly terms." "Well, we used to be; but we've exchanged servants."

David Burns is the oldest living boatman on the Kentucky River, having been born in 1791. He has walked from New Orleans to Frankfort—1,500 miles—six times.

Congressman Cannon, of Utah, is the husband of six wives and the father of twenty-seven small boys, each of whom is a son of a gun.

A prisoner being asked whether he struck his opponent in the heat of passion, replied: "No, I struck him in the pit of the stomach."

There are rumors that the Keeley motor man, has turned his attention to a machine for sticking pins through a starched collar.

Trusting chants—expecting to get to heaven by singing.

On One Who Knows Him.

Col. J. W. Alcorn, of Stanford, is a candidate for Circuit Judge. As a soldier, citizen and lawyer, he has proven faithful and capable. The people of that District could find no truer man whom they could entrust with the arduous task of questions affecting their lives and fortunes. To know him, as we have known him, is ample foundation for this faith.—[Owensboro Messenger and Examiner.]

Collier county, Texas, contains the greatest wealth of horses and mules of any county in the State, it being \$28,900. Clay county contains the greatest wealth of cattle, it being \$58,382. Dural county contains the greatest wealth of sheep, it being \$33,610. Grayson county the greatest wealth of hogs, it being \$50,396.

A LARGE HOG.—A hog measuring 9 feet in length, 7 feet 2 inches in girth, and weighing 1,137 pounds, dressed, has been on exhibition at the Continental Market, Broadway, New York. Before killing, the animal weighed 1,390 pounds. It came from Copake, Columbia county, N. Y.

No language can express the power, beauty, heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not when men cower, and grows stronger where man faints, and over the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its queenly fidelity like a star in heaven.

The *Interior Journal*, published at Stanford, one of our best papers and the most fearless denouncer of wrongs against society, is in its ninth year. May it long wave.—[Lewistown Journal.]

The Stanford *Interior Journal* has entered upon its ninth year, and is the most fearless, outspoken paper in the State.—[Bowling Green Intelligencer.]

A clergyman said: A young woman died in my neighborhood, yesterday, while I was preaching in beastly state of intoxication.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

METHODIST, SOUTH.—Rev. J. S. Sims, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and night. Prayer Meetings Thursday nights. Sunday School at 10 A. M. J. R. Sims, Superintendent. The Woman's Tract Society meets here on the 1st Sunday of each month, at 2 o'clock. Mrs. T. T. Davies, President.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. Hays, Pastor. Services on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday afternoon. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. R. E. Barrow, Superintendent.

CHRISTIAN.—Worship by the congregation every Lord's day. Preaching by Eld. J. M. Hays on First and Third Lord's days. Sunday School at 10 A. M. J. R. Sims, Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN, SOUTH.—No Pastor. Union Sunday School at 9:30. John W. Reid, Superintendent. Union Prayer Meeting Wednesday night.

PRESBYTERIAN, NORTH.—Rev. J. S. Hays, Pastor. Preaching on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night.

HOTELS.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL!

REFURNISHED AND REFITTED

IN A FIRST-CLASS MANNER.

GIVE ME A TRIAL: IT IS ALL I ASK.

MEALS, 40 CENTS.

J. T. HARRIS.

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THOS. RICHARDS, Prop'r.

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FARE, \$2.00 PER DAY.

CENTRALLY LOCATED.

Special Accommodations for all kinds of Commercial Travelers.

Baggage Transferred Free of Charge.

The quantity of goods which will be piled up during this coming Spring in the

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING

Merchant Tailor Department

J. WINTER & CO.,

LOCAL NOTICES.

Stays Dried at Under a Higgins'.
A large lot of linen and muslin at
A. Higgins'.

Linen and Cotton Goods at McRoberts & Stagg's.

More stock of Toilet Soap, cheap, at
McRoberts & Stagg's.

Call and see our new styles of Jewelry,
McRoberts and Stagg.

Birds, Poles, Fishing Tackle of all kinds,
at Chennett & Penny's.

Wigs, Center and Sides constantly on
hand at Chennett & Penny's.

Laces and Jewelry repaired and war-
ranted by Chennett & Penny.

It can with a good glass of Ale or Beer,
call at J. W. Hild's Saloon.

Highest cash price paid for all kinds of
produce by Harris & Son.

Mr. J. W. Hild's Saloon, call on his
saloon, stand ready to give his best.

A large stock of Landreth's Garden
Seed at Chennett & Penny's. All fresh, no
old seed.

Paints, White Lead, Oil, Varnishes,
Wholesale and Retail, at Chennett & Penny's.

Perfumery, Toilet Soap, Hair, Nail
and Tooth Brushes, and toilet articles of
all kinds at Chennett & Penny's.

At McRoberts & Stagg's can be found
the best of all kinds of goods, better
than any other place in the market.

New York Early Rose and Perfect Irish
potatoes, the largest and best varieties
known, can be had for seed at Chennett &
Higgins'.

Go to Marshall & Hupley's for Spring
and Summer Suits. In cheapness, style
and quality they cannot be excelled by
any. They then call and see their prices.

Tanner's Buckeye Oil (Paint) is the
favorite remedy for that terrible disease,
Piles or Hemorrhoids. It is the favorite
remedy because it never fails to cure the
most obstinate case when used according
to directions. Do not fail to send yourself
of the relief afforded by this invaluable
compound but call at the drug store for
Tanner's Buckeye Oil (Paint). Price
30 cents, at McRoberts and Stagg's.

If you are troubled with Urinary,
Scurvy, Rheumatism, Biliousness, or
any disorder of a sluggish liver, Pimples,
or Tanner's Vegetable Liver Powder, will
cure you. Taken in time, it will save a
doctor's bill and much suffering. It has
been used successfully in many cases
where other remedies had failed. It is
a common complaint, and anything
affording relief is gladly welcomed. Put
tins are only 50 cents a package, and will
cure you. At McRoberts and Stagg's.

To Western Emigrants. Having been
appointed General Emigration Agent
at Cincinnati for the VANDERBILT LINE
for the States of Missouri, Texas, Ar-
kansas, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado,
California, and the Western Territories,
on fully prepared to furnish, gratis,
on application, Maps, Land Circulars, giv-
ing Soil, Climate, etc. Lowest rates made
on passengers, household goods or stock,
call on, or address, G. W. K. KNIGHT,
General Emigration Agent, S. E. Corner, 4th
and Vine Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FRANK LEBLANC'S POPULAR MONTHLY.—
The April number of this admirable mag-
azine comes in its very richly illustrated
"The New York Movement." N. Leblanc
gives a clear insight as to the political
upheavals which have led to "Matru-
monium" and the agitation for a "Pacifist
Proprietor." Sketches of Highland Charac-
ters, of Sheep Farming and Drovers,
"Gentle and Gentle," by Alfred H. Green-
er, is an article of great interest, espe-
cially in reference to the trial of Queen
Caroline, etc., etc. Among the illustrations
are portraits of George and the Queen,
Mrs. Charlotte, Mrs. Fitzhugh, Lord
Thames, etc., and of the coronation, who
were engaged in the celebrated trial of the
Queen. There are a variety of articles
highly interesting, stories, sketches, etc.,
by Mrs. W. P. Pierce, Eliza F. Green,
Edward Green, Frank Leslie and other
popular writers. The number contains
128 portraits and about 100 illustrations,
together with a long and interesting
franchise "Happy Days." The price of
a single number is only 25 cents, the
annual subscription \$3, six months \$1.50,
three months \$1.00. Send for a copy to
J. W. Hild, 4th and Vine Streets, New York.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. A. GIBSON, of Cincinnati is in
town.

Mr. J. B. GIBSON has gone to visit his
parents.

Mr. C. T. GIBSON went to Richmond
last evening.

Dr. E. A. GIBSON's special medical advice
will be given to-day.

Mr. J. B. GIBSON, of Newport, is on his
way to his old friends here.

Mr. E. B. GIBSON has gone to the States
to his old friends.

Mr. J. B. GIBSON, of Maxwell Springs, was
in town last evening.

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White Swans

Walden: From Nature to Culture

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